love of that woman, it seemed to me that, leaving a pure mountain lake,
I was plunging into a foot-bath."

19 November

Saw Jammes at my brother-in-law's funeral, then again at Orthez.

I had to 'lead" the mourning with Leon Cafford. Very dignified, very beautiful ceremony; simple ritual music, which I much prefer.

At the end of the Mass a woman of the district, a *sister,* knelt at the railing separating the choir from the congregation; the priest covered the stone railing with a cloth and then held out the host to her, which she took with wonderful devotion. I thought at first that a beautiful local custom invited her to receive communion for all of us, and with my whole soul I shared in her gesture. I learned later that everyone was permitted to partake of that communion at the end of the Mass; the following day thirty received communion after another funeral Mass. How much more eloquent than such a group that beautiful isolated figure!

Saw Eugene Rouart and recovered down there at Bagnols my unrest, my curiosity, my rapture.

For the last week and more I have had a typewriter, having found in Pierre de Lanux someone with the need to be a secretary. Whence discipline, zeal, and regularity in my work, and general raising of the moral standard. While I am writing this, the machine is producing four copies of *La Porte etroite,* which I am actively concerning myself with correcting. I have spent a fortnight more on the first chapter, but it now satisfies me.

Read very little, my mind occupied almost exclusively by my book. This is also what made me forsake this journal. Once again, for several days, I got stuck in the first chapter.

Andre Ruyters came to live here a week. He left every morning at eight for his bank and returned only for dinner. One evening after din-

ner we went to meet Gheon, Copeau, and Jean Schlumberger at the Pousset on the boulevards. After some hesitation Gh£on took out his manuscript (the first hundred pages of *UAdolescent*);[24] gathered in the back room of a very ordinary pub, despite the noise near by, we devoutly listened to the even, average voice of the novelist Gheon, so different from lie Gheon who wrote *UEau-de-vie* and *Le Fain.*[26] — Excellent impression on us all.

Five days later, meeting of the same group in Auteuil without Copeau. After many a reservation I launch into the reading o£ *La Porte faroite** Very imperfect reading at first, since the first two chapters are

[24] Henri Gh«§on*s first novel, *The Adolescent*.
** Two plays, *Brandy* and *Bread.*